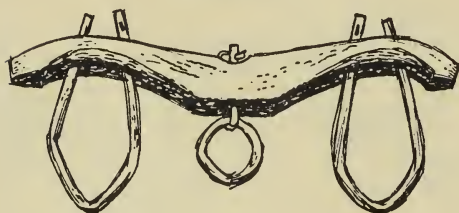


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Washington and Lincoln,  
a Comparison and a  
Contrast.

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*Washington and Lincoln*

By EDWARD F. SCHEWE

PATRIOTS IN PARADISE

By FRANK BROOKS COWGILL





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# *Washington and Lincoln*

*A Comparison and A Contrast*

By EDWARD F. SCHEWE

*Together with a Poem*

## PATRIOTS IN PARADISE

By FRANK BROOKS COWGILL

*With a Foreword*

By RALPH G. LINDSTROM

LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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## FOREWORD

**I**F MAN in his goodness, his achievements, his contributions to the general welfare, his progress, be not immortal, why strive in the battle whereby the individual establishes, in his experience and for the benefit of his fellows, the ascendancy of positive good over negative evil? But man *is* as immortal as good itself; he *may* achieve and progress in unending infinitude, and thus establish that he *is* one in spiritual immortality with his Maker.

Peoples who embalm their history in a glorious past and in lifeless memorials are apt to lose even awareness of their approaching decadence. But peoples who constitute their heroes and their history an eternally emulated and living present, in heart, in life, in mind, in spirit, are foretasting the joy of timeless progress. Thus, and thus only, may we understand Whittier's lines:

*"For all of good the past hath had  
Remains to make our own time glad."*

Dr. Edward F. Schewe, the author of *Washington and Lincoln: A Comparison and A Contrast*, is a writer and a lecturer to the ends above indicated, and is Second Vice-President of the Lincoln Fellowship of Southern California.

Dr. Frank Brooks Cowgill is Poet-Laureate of this Fellowship, and his verse constantly lifts the veil from the humanly finite to display the spiritual infinity and indivisibility of good.

Intimately knowing the spiritual vision of these men, this booklet is commended to those who also have or aspire to similar vision.

RALPH G. LINDSTROM



# WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

*By* EDWARD F. SCHEWE





IN THE AGORA, the park of Athens, the Athenians walked among the statues of their heroes and their gods to keep alive their sense of heroism and to kindle their patriotism anew. So it is fitting that we pause in the haste of life, and stand in the shades of our honored dead, not only to recall their valor and to recount their achievements, but to take stock of our individual and national ideals and to look our purposes in the face. For true memory is not mere sentiment, post-mortem appreciation, and hero worship: it is a spur that drives; it is a star that leads; it is a vision that beckons.

The question often arises: Who was the greater man—Washington or Lincoln? It is an idle query. The fact is, a man of Lincoln's type could not have come into leadership in Washington's time; nor could he have established a new and untried form of government, nor have harmonized the discordant elements that prevailed in the Colonies. Of all the kings, emperors, generals, potentates and leaders of men, who have appeared upon the stage of history, no character shines out in greater splendor than does that of Washington.

And yet Lincoln was pre-eminently fitted for the crisis in which he appeared. In his boyhood he studied Weems' "Life of Washington." While poring over that dramatic story of the nation's birth, and of the struggles of the founding fathers, Lincoln's first vision for America was born. It was that vision that lured the youth irresistibly on, and for which the mature man agonized and died a martyr. How prophetic were his utterances! The "hindsight" of the civilized world today harmonizes with Lincoln's foresight then. Had it not been for Lincoln and his determination to save the Union, the sun would have forever set upon the work of Washington, and humanity's "last, best hope" would have perished.

It might be interesting to compare, or to contrast, these greatest of Americans. Washington was born in Virginia under the most auspicious circumstances. He was a man of wealth, and by his marriage greatly increased it. Mount Vernon comprised 9000 acres, and 1000 persons were employed upon the estate. Next to Mr. Stephen Girard, Washington was the richest man in the Colonies. For his extensive services,—first as Commander-in-Chief of the army, for seven years, and then for two terms as President,—he declined any pay whatsoever; indeed, he contributed out of his private purse the sum of \$64,300 to the struggling colonies.

Lincoln, on the contrary, was born in a pioneer's cabin. His poverty limited him to less than a year in a schoolhouse. His business venture at New Salem was a complete failure. When his partner, William Berry, passed out,—extinguished in rum,—Lincoln was left overloaded with debts. It took him sixteen years to redeem that obligation—an obligation to which he humorously referred as "the national debt." However, it has become imperative to repudiate certain false rumors concerning the Lincoln family. For instance, the charge

is frequently made that Lincoln's father, Thomas Lincoln, was a shiftless man because he moved from place to place. Dr. Louis A. Warren, Director of the Lincoln National Life Foundation, spent two months investigating the land title records in Kentucky and Indiana and found that Thomas Lincoln moved from one farm to another because he could not secure clear land titles under frontier conditions. Nevertheless, he lived on one farm five years, on another twelve years, and on another twenty years. He did have shiftless relatives, however, who repeatedly appealed to him for aid which he extended.

Why not state the simple fact that in his youth Lincoln was an average American boy from an average American pioneer family, and that he struggled magnificently against great odds in the wilderness? If the young, toiling, agonizing Lincoln teaches us anything, it is that we come into this world, not as finished products, but as great possibilities; that, when at our best, we are not creatures but creators of circumstances; that ours is largely the magic alchemy that transforms stumbling-blocks into stepping-stones, that transmutes malediction into benediction.

So let us have finished with false rumors about Lincoln. False rumor is like the mistletoe; it twines itself about a sturdy tree and saps that tree of its very vitality. How true it is that as long as the man of genius lives and works, the envious labor incessantly to drag him down to the common level, to invent a hundred damaging anecdotes about him, so that they can convey to the multitude the comforting consciousness: "Look! he is just like one of us." Because mediocrity hugs eternal yesterday, it stifles each powerful today.

It is true, of course, that the paltry and seamy side is present in every human life—but why exalt and



magnify these unduly? A great personality belongs to history through the superior qualities of mind and heart which he has exhibited. These virtues should be brought out in bold relief upon the background of his life; for it is through these that he has made his contribution to his time and to posterity.

Washington, from his boyhood, was acquainted with the most distinguished men of his time, and he moved with ease in their society.

Lincoln's associates, for the most part, until he reached maturity,—with the exception of his rather refined stepmother,—were rough frontier folk, and many of them were of low standards; hence he lacked the keen sensibility to distinguish the vulgar from the refined.

Washington was a man of commanding presence, symmetrically formed, of majestic bearing and lofty personal dignity. His presence made a profound impression upon his contemporaries. He was endowed with an almost preternatural physical strength which enabled him to perform the Herculean tasks which devolved upon him.

Lincoln, on the contrary, was one of the most singularly constructed of human beings. His physique was certainly never calculated to be an ideal clothes prop. He was uncouth and careless in his attire, and lacked dignity in his bearing. However, his physical strength was that of a giant. He grew and developed until at sixteen he was nearly six feet and four inches tall. He could sink an axe into wood deeper than any other man on the frontier. This did for him two things: It made him chieftain, yonder in the wilderness, and enabled him, before the wondering eyes of his countrymen, to bear an enormous burden upon his titanic shoulders.



Washington was taciturn, and studiously avoided familiarity. No one ventured to make free with him. A general tried it once. He patted Washington upon the shoulder. Washington resented it, and demanded: "What have I done that you should insult me?" He had little wit and less humor.

Lincoln, on the other hand, loved to talk, and associated freely with all classes of men. He overflowed with wit and humor, and found keen enjoyment in exchanging humorous anecdotes.

Washington was a shrewd observer and could sound the depths of motives that actuate individual men.

Lincoln surpassed him in this respect. In fact, he invariably discovered the schemes of politicians before they were aware of it.

Washington's domestic life was exceptionally happy. He married Martha Custis, a young and beautiful widow, who was possessed of an ample fortune, and who was endowed with those amiable and pleasing qualities of mind and manners which gave the best security to a mutually congenial companionship. Washington's letters to his wife disclose that they lived in all the confidence and felicity that the married state can produce. The genuineness of this happy domestic relation was manifest during the prolonged separations resulting from many absences in the military campaigns. They made their great sacrifices willingly. Together they hitched their chariot to the Emersonian star of supreme devotion to the cause of the new Republic.

Many rumors have long been current concerning the domestic infelicity of the Lincolns. Some pertinent facts deserve emphasis. Mary Todd Lincoln came from a prominent family in Kentucky. Her father, Robert Todd, was a well-known and highly-respected citizen

in the South. Mrs. Lincoln was a refined and cultured woman who thought for herself, believed what she thought, and said what she believed. No doubt she had quite a task to train her husband in such social amenities as conformed to her taste; but, according to Edward Everett, she certainly succeeded.

With regard to the gossip and rumors concerning Mrs. Lincoln, it might be well to view the circumstances from a purely feminine standpoint. In Washington, the President's wife was snubbed by many prominent women of the Capital; they called her a traitor to Southern traditions because she had married Mr. Lincoln. Besides, only she knew fully to what extent the cares of State weighed upon her husband, and she shared that burden with him. When her favorite son, Willie, died in the White House, both the Lincolns were plunged into a deep abyss of sorrow. Whose plummet can sound the depths of grief that they experienced? Be it remembered, too, that Mrs. Lincoln had reached the critical period of a woman's life, which, when great mental stress and strain are added, often results in a form of mental unbalance. And when finally her husband was shot to death at her side, it is not to be wondered at that a form of prolonged melancholia took possession of her, and that she never recovered from the shock of the awful tragedy.

Reports persist that Mrs. Lincoln was a veritable sybarite in her love of dress. If true, this personality quirk, this fastidiousness of her taste, was certainly not in evidence when she chose a husband. Young Lincoln was a most unattractive lump of human clay, but Mary Todd saw that that clay would some day produce an incomparable masterpiece. Goethe once referred to his mate as "a convenient piece of brown bread." What an unhappy simile, one might think. And yet, what is

more wholesome as a steady diet than good brown bread? Figuratively speaking, it causes less matrimonial dyspepsia than a slightly-soured cream puff, or even frosted cake with frills, sprinkled over with red, sanded sugar and caraway seed.

Washington was essentially an aristocrat. He maintained great style with his servants. At his public receptions he and Mrs. Washington stood upon a platform and were protected from contact with the people by a cord and a guard. Such formality would scarcely be sanctioned in our day, but it was a wise course for Washington to pursue. The commonalty in that day were accustomed to the insignia of royal power; government to them had much of pageantry and display. Washington's aristocratic style served as a stepping-stone from monarchy to democracy.

Lincoln, on the contrary, was thoroughly democratic. He regarded forms and rules of etiquette with indifference. One day an English ambassador chanced to see him blacking his boots. "Why, Mr. President!" gasped the ambassador; "do you black your own boots? We, in England—we don't black our own boots!" "You don't?" responded Lincoln; "then, whose boots do you black?"

Mr. Lincoln was the "great commoner." One day he addressed a regiment of volunteers from Ohio before the White House. He said: "I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has." And every one is familiar with his homely aphorism, that "God must love the common people for he made so many of them."

Washington was wholly devoid of ambition to attain to positions of honor or responsibility. These were always thrust upon him.

Lincoln was eager from the beginning to be President, and no man worked more sagaciously or more honorably to reach that goal.

Washington was perhaps never surpassed in self-possession and self-control. For instance, at Valley Forge the distress of the army for want of clothing was as great as their want of provisions. Their condition was wretched. However, Washington possessed those commanding and conciliatory qualities which strongly attached the soldiers to his person, and, by the influence of his character, stifled every semblance of mutiny. He enjoyed the confidence of the majority of his military associates; but some were essentially envious of his preferment, and wished to curtail his power. They deemed it expedient to vilify his character, that they might diminish his influence. However, by virtue of his poise and patience, coupled with his devotion to the cause of liberty, he towered above his opponents like a cathedral dome towering above the mean cottages that nestle at its base. His self-control was likewise manifest when the treachery of Benedict Arnold became known; as was his magnanimity, in affording Mrs. Arnold and her child safe conduct until she joined friends in Philadelphia.

Lincoln acquired the virtue of self-control in a marked degree. This was disclosed particularly in his relations with his Cabinet. A far-seeing statesman, he had appointed some of the foremost men from both the Republican and Democratic parties as members of his Cabinet: Seward, Chase, Stanton. They were men of experience, scholarship and talent. They, however, regarded the President as inefficient, inferior—a man merely swept up by chance. It is possibly true that in book learning, legislative experience, and knowledge of the law, these men could discount him three to one.

But concentration of intellect is one thing—to master a colossal problem and to complete a task, is quite another. This mastery Lincoln possessed. It was a case of talent against genius. His confreres had, indeed, drunk deep at the accumulated store of precedent, but he was a fountainhead. By virtue of his rugged, virile, masterful, and yet gentle personality, coupled with his uncommon common sense, Lincoln triumphed over all.

Washington, in his last will and testament, manumitted all his slaves.

Lincoln, by issuing the Emancipation Proclamation, made possible the ultimate liberation of all slaves in the United States.

Both Washington and Lincoln were endowed with strong, comprehensive intellects. They were equal in devotion to patriotic principle; both were profoundly serious and deeply religious. Let us consider briefly this latter phase of their character.

We are told that when Washington witnessed the suffering of his soldiers at Valley Forge, and realized that the very cause they served hung in the balance, he was kneeling in the snow beside a great tree, reaching out prayerfully into the abyss for some Mighty Power to lean upon. His profound faith in an overruling Providence finds frequent expression in his writings, and particularly in his farewell address to his countrymen. "In vain," he observes, "would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert religion and morality, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens."

Lincoln, in his youth, was inclined to be sceptical, but in his maturity believed profoundly in a divine Providence. To note this fact, one need but to refer to his words of farewell to his friends at Springfield. While he was President, he said again and again: "I



have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming consciousness that I had nowhere else to go."

James E. Murdoch, noted actor and reader, was a guest at the White House. He stated that one night he was disturbed. He could not sleep. He got out of his bed. It was two o'clock in the morning. He went out into the hall. He heard a strange moaning. Going along the hall, he saw a door open a little way. Looking into the President's room he saw Mr. Lincoln lying on the floor, praying mightily to God to give him wisdom and save the Republic. He turned around and went away softly, over the velvety carpet, feeling at every step that he was in the presence of Almighty God. From that hour he never doubted which way the war would terminate.

We now compare or contrast the tasks which confronted Washington and Lincoln, respectively. The times in which Washington appeared were unparalleled. The inhabitants of the early colonies were men who brought with them into the New World the culture and religious convictions which had matured in European civilization during more than ten centuries. The immigrants settled in sections, and each section sought to build up a commonwealth of its own in the wilderness. The Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, the Quakers of Pennsylvania, and the Cavaliers of Virginia and South Carolina endeavored to establish their own society independently of the other. This very independence bred fear of their neighbors, and any power outside their own section aroused suspicion and alarm.

The struggle of the Revolution harmonized these discordant elements for a time, but it was only temporary. During the war, the Continental Congress assumed all the prerogatives of a centralized govern-

ment: it created armies, appointed officers, ordained ministers, raised money, made treaties—in fact, performed all the functions of sovereignty—and all this without authority, except the presence of the British. But as soon as the redcoats disappeared, the power of the Congress likewise vanished, and the old foe—Sectionalism—like Banquo's ghost, reappeared. The Congress could no longer raise troops nor levy taxes; it had no money of its own, and its credit was seriously impaired. Not being able to pay the soldiers, the Congress could neither retain nor dismiss them. We are told that in June 1783, eighty soldiers marched upon the Congress, then in session in Philadelphia, and demanded their pay. The Congress was helpless and the soldiers mobbed the chamber. The Congress appealed to the State of Pennsylvania and then to the citizens of Philadelphia for protection, but in vain. The Congress then fled across the river and on to Princeton where it found refuge in the college. Hence a Congress, which had successfully conducted a great war for seven years, had completed an immortal treaty, and had held England and France at bay, was unable to cope with eighty mutineers. All was lost; the very prizes, for which the Revolutionary heroes had fought and many had died, were gone.

In this dark night of confusion and anarchy, the commanding figure of Washington appeared. He had proved himself great as Commander-in-Chief on the field of battle; would he acquit himself as efficiently as an executive in the Cabinet? However, his ability and patriotism were equal to the crisis. He was like an anchor in the storm; when the tempests raged and the billows roared, his indomitable will clutched the bed-rock and held fast to its appointed place. At his command, the Federal Government emerged in stately

form. He beckoned his soldiers, and a Federal Army stood in defense of the Government. He seated himself upon the presidential chair, and changed the seat of government from shifting sand to solid rock. Under his wise leadership the discordant elements were united in magnificent co-operation. Out of the welter and chaos of threatened disruption and anarchy there emerged, as a great venture among the nations of the earth, the "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

The noted historian, Lecky, observes: "Had the superior military genius of the new country assumed the character of Napoleon instead of the character of Washington, the history of the North American continent would have been vastly changed." Indeed, the early Colonies might have become a seething Balkans in the New World, a bone of contention among the powerful nations of Europe, as well as a veritable cauldron, boiling over with sectionalism. Accordingly, Washington is truly "The Father of his Country."

In contrast with the work of Washington, we now make a brief survey of the tasks which confronted Lincoln. It was on the 23rd day of February, the day following the anniversary of the birth of Washington, in the year 1861, that the President-elect arrived in Washington. He came to the government by a minority vote, without an army or a navy, without money or munitions. He stepped into the most completely organized rebellion in history. Traitors were in every department. Many experienced advisors, who should have rallied to his side in the crisis, came down from the Supreme Court, from the Cabinet, from the Senate, from the lower house. Imbued with the delirium of treason, they rushed to Richmond where the Southern Confederacy was formally organized. The South was deter-



mined. The North clamored for some kind of a compromise to reassure the South and stop secession. However, all efforts at conciliation were futile. The "irrepressible conflict" followed. Armed foes were near at hand in Washington. A large and ever increasing rebel army was almost within gun shot of the Capital. Lincoln's friends were far away in the North. All railroad and telegraphic communications were severed. Lincoln encountered innumerable difficulties, including particularly the obstinacy of his Cabinet as well as the inefficiency of his generals. Many of the leaders in the North attacked him in the press and on the platform. But he towered above every personal ambition, walked forth alone in the perils of those dark days, preserved unsullied a sense of right within himself; maintained unflinchingly his determination to save the Union.

As the war continued, all was night around; all dark and uncertain before; all drear and desolate behind. The brave feared men, the pious doubted the favor of God. The wild sea of disruption threatened to engulf the very Ship of State. When, lo! across the turbulent waves appeared the form of a savior. It was the stalwart figure of Abraham Lincoln. His conciliatory voice rang out above the storm: "Peace; be still!" That one-time hand on a Mississippi flat-boat grasped the helm of the Ship of the Republic and guided it through the seething sea of dissension. He placed his hand upon the prostrate body of the nation, and new life bounded in its veins. He touched the dead organism of national finance; it leaped to its feet. He issued a call to his countrymen, and two million armed men rallied to his summons. He beckoned to the sea and a mighty navy rode the waves. After conciliating his rivals, compacting his friends, flanking politicians, outwitting foes, he touched the shackles of the serf, and in his hand held the shat-

tered fetters of four million slaves. And after accomplishing this monumental work, he disappeared as mysteriously as he had come, and was snatched by martyrdom into imperishable fame. The very rocks, which envy had hurled at his character, were changed into monuments of glory. The very arrows, which calumny had aimed at his honor, became rungs in the ladder of his ascent into immortality. It took four years of agonizing struggle to convince his countrymen that they could trust his judgment. It took a murderer's bullet to prove to his foes his honesty of purpose, his unswerving determination, his uncommon sense, and his pure and lofty patriotism which did not shrink even from the last full measure of devotion.

“He hath borne his faculties so meek,  
Hath been so clear in his great office,  
That his virtues did plead like angels,  
trumpet-tongued,  
Against the deep damnation of his taking off.”

And yet, withal, how completely that murderer's bullet fused and welded a divided country into a solid whole; for, after his tragic death, had the continent cracked, it would not have been into North and South.

The most striking contrast to be noted between Washington and Lincoln is in their deaths. Washington, after his long and arduous service to his country, seeing that the new Republic was firmly established, retired to his estate at Mount Vernon, and after three years, died a natural death,—the idol of his countrymen, and an object of admiration and esteem among civilized peoples throughout the world.

Lincoln, having lived to see his ardent dreams virtually realized, the Union saved, the slaves liberated,

the war practically at an end, his own countenance transfigured with joy, his heart filled with good will toward friend and foe alike, he was assassinated to the horror of the civilized world.

Washington and Lincoln are not dead. Are they dead who speak more forcibly than we can speak, who act more potently than we can act, who move upon society, inspiring it with great principles and supreme objectives? They are, indeed, disenthralled of flesh, but their life is grafted upon this great nation.

And in these perilous times, as we turn to draw new inspiration from the memory of the real heroes of the race, from those benefactors, who have changed the cherished dreams of humanity into realities, high upon the scroll of grateful and affectionate remembrance we shall ever find written the names of the Father and the Preserver of our Country: *George Washington* and *Abraham Lincoln*.



# PATRIOTS IN PARADISE

*By* FRANK BROOKS COWGILL



AMID the flaming galaxies that light  
Forevermore the vast infinitude  
Of God's creation lies a world unseen  
By mortal eyes, a vast Elysium  
Where saints and sages of all time abide.

Here mountain ranges rise with loftier peaks  
Than are the snow-crowned monarchs of our world,  
And on their flanks are forests statelier  
Than any seen by mortal eyes on Earth.  
And here are vaster oceans than embrace  
Our earthly shores, and islands set  
In shining seas that bring no peril to  
The mariners of that celestial world.  
On mountain ranges high the kindly clouds  
Lay down the wind-borne tributes of the sea,  
Whence come the myriad streams that laugh and sing  
Their way to rivers vast in plains below.  
Eternal summer and the genial sky  
Make beautiful the ever-teeming land,  
Where forests wave and flowers bloom and homes  
Of the beatified are set amid  
The fields and gardens where ambrosial fruit  
Of life hangs golden on the branches of  
The tree whose leaves are for the healing of  
The nations, which are evermore at peace.

The servants and the saviors of mankind  
Here gather fruit of sowings on the Earth.  
The glorified inhabitants of this  
High world serve one another and their Lord  
In myriad ways, and grow in knowledge as  
They grow in goodness, nearing evermore,  
But never yet attaining to the grace  
And wisdom of the God whom we adore.

In a procession endless hither come  
From other worlds the innocent, the good  
And great, the worthy who have found release  
From mortal flesh, immortal evermore,  
And drawn by gravitation heavenly  
To their divine abode. Here they enjoy  
Communion with those whom they loved on Earth  
And with the saintly spirits of all time.

They know the doings of the men on Earth,  
Remember those whom they have left behind,  
Remember joys and sorrows of the world  
Below. Now they rejoice in all the good  
That mortals do, and sorrow at their sins.

Sweet as the fellowship of saints below  
Is the communion of the valiant souls  
Who followed truth and served their fellowmen  
On Earth. Out of all tribes and times and climes  
And nations do they come to their abodes  
In Paradise. Here is the blessedness  
Of which the saints and sages dreamed on Earth,  
For which they toiled and suffered unto death.  
The prophets and the martyrs of all time  
Talk of their doings in the days of old  
And of the things that men are doing now.

Said one of them to his companion:

“Well

*Do I remember when, a lad in my  
Kentucky home, I fed my soul on tales  
Of your adventure in the wilds of old  
Virginia, where the rain-fed rivers bore  
In solemn silence through majestic woods  
Their tributes to the sea. I saw you dare*



*The wild beast of the forest and the still  
More savage man who there abode. I saw  
You as surveyor, fixing metes and bounds  
Of homesteads for the hardy pioneers.  
I saw you in the war which saved the land  
For men of Saxon blood and in the long  
And valiant war for liberty. I saw  
Your hungry, shivering men at Valley Forge  
Staining the snow with bare and bloody feet.  
I saw you on your knees imploring aid  
From God, who gave you victory at last.  
And then in councils of your countrymen,  
I saw you federate your colonies  
And frame the charter of their liberties  
And build the noblest state that world has known.  
And when you turned from public life at last,  
I saw you go to your Mount Vernon home  
Attended by the benedictions of  
Your countrymen and of mankind. You were  
My inspiration and my guide. You fed  
The fire of my devotion to the state  
You built and served so well, and earnestly  
I labored to preserve the fruit of your  
Long toil, until a sudden slumber came  
Upon me, and when I awoke I had  
The company of angels, and we fared  
With wondrous speed through vast immensities  
Of space alight with glorious galaxies,  
Until amid the gardens and the groves  
Of Paradise we saw the stately wall  
And gleaming pinnacles of this sublime  
Metropolis, the goal through every age  
Of saintly souls who seek companionship  
With those who love and serve, and there we found  
A happy welcome at an open gate.”*

Then he, whose people call him "Father of His Country," made reply:

"It was the years,  
And not an issue that kept us apart.  
We served one cause. I labored to create,  
You to preserve, the union of the states.  
The heraldry, which publishes in Heaven  
The daily doings of the men below,  
Is ever eyes and ears to us who have  
Become immortal. Thus we saw and heard  
You in the great debate whose issue was  
The welfare of the slave. And when at length  
You came to power, we witnessed your sublime  
Endeavor to preserve the Union and  
To make the bondman free. Most fervently  
Did we who built the great Republic hope  
And pray that it would stand the shock of war  
And be to men unborn the citadel  
Of liberty for men of every race.  
We saw you at the capital amid  
Discordant voices in the council of  
Your friends. We saw you when the ruthless tides  
Of war shook the foundations of the state,  
And in the fiercest tempest of the time  
We heard your words of courage and of hope.  
We saw you standing on the war-scarred field  
Where men so desperately fought and died,  
With words immortal dedicating there  
The living patriot to the cause for which  
His brother bled, and we exulted when  
Your proclamation broke the shackles of  
The slave. Great was our joy when peace came to  
The stricken land, when thunder of the guns  
No longer shook the Earth; when brothers of

*The North and South clasped hands beneath a flag  
Which had not lost one star from its blue field,  
And when the one-time bondman added his  
New note to Freedom's song."*

While thus conversing in a lovely bower  
Of Paradise, one joined them who of old  
Had been a citizen of Judah; most  
Majestic he of those inspired bards  
Who tuned their harps to hope and sang the song  
Of Israel's redemption and of peace.  
And thus Isaiah spoke:

*"I am distressed;  
For these are days of awful trouble down  
Below, not for my people only, but  
For all mankind. The dream of peace among  
The nations of the Earth, with which so long  
Ago I heartened men, is still a dream,  
And not a glorious reality.  
What persecutions have my people known  
In all the weary ages since the fall  
Of old Jerusalem! Men of my race  
Are homeless refugees, despised, accurst  
Among the nations. Not on them alone,  
But on the gentiles also there have come  
The fearful judgments of the Lord in wars  
That desolate the Earth. The pomp of power,  
The pride of race, the lust for land and gold,  
Have kindled fear and hate until the world  
Is all aflame, and age-old treasures of  
Mankind are turned to smoke and ashes,  
The people spill their blood and waste the gifts  
Of God in fruitless wars. From age to age  
They build and wreck their little states. They have*

*Not gone the way of truth and righteousness  
To build the world-wide state of brotherhood.  
And yet I trust that, disciplined by pain,  
They will repent their folly and their sin,  
And go the way of truth that makes men free,  
And build a commonwealth that shall embrace  
The nations of the world in amity.*

*“But this is not a day for sad discourse.  
Let us now join the happy throng within  
The city gates. It is a festal day.  
Now do the saints and angels celebrate  
The glorious return of Christ from Earth.  
Now Gabriel, who told the saintly maid  
About the wondrous child that would be born,  
And all the angels, who once heralded  
With song his lowly birth in Bethlehem,  
Rejoice again as they remember how,  
After Gethsemane and Golgotha,  
The Lord of Life returned to Paradise.  
Again they fill all Heaven with acclaim.  
They sing ‘the song of Moses and the lamb,’  
And to their choral the musicians add  
The throbbing of their instruments, until  
The jeweled wall of Heaven’s capital  
Is vibrant with the joy of the redeemed.”*



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